

# St. GEORGE

FOR

# ENGLAND.

To the Tune of *Cook Laurell*.

**T**He *Westminster* Rump hath been little at ease,  
Of which you have heard enough one would think,  
And therefore wee'l lay it aside if you please,  
For the more we do stir in't the more it will stink.

These County resolves for a *Parliament free*,  
Makes the Rump smell worse than it did of late,  
For now it runs down their heels you may see,  
You may call them our Privy-Members of State.

But why should this Rump deal so roughly with *Ken*?  
When *England* was conquer'd they were scor-free,  
Must they for declaring of all men be shent?  
But long-tail and bob-tail can never agree.

'Tis much disputed who Antichrist is,  
I think 'tis this Rump, nor am I in jest,  
For indeed, although of the number it miss,  
Of this I am sure 't has the mark of the Beast.

I cannot believe that our General *Monk*  
Intends to protect it, hee's not such a Fool;  
For if he were rightly inform'd how it stunk,  
He never would joyn with such Grooms of the Stool.

Though't be not whole Antichrist, 'tis the worst part,  
By it both the Pope and the Turk are out done,  
If it be not the head, nor the feet, nor the heart,  
'Tis the Rump of the Whore of *Babylon*.

So pocky, so stinking, so cheating to boot,  
That he that has got but an eye or a nose,  
Would never bestride it, Then why should you dor?  
And make the poor Devil his stationship lose.

If I might advise him, he should not come near it,  
The scent of that house is naught for his Gout,

And for his Army too, he may well fear it,  
'Tis enough to infect both his horse and his foot.

Nor would I wish him to come to *Whitehall*,  
For that hath been an unfortunate place;  
From thence *Noll* was fetch'd, and *Dick* had his fall:  
And *George* may take heed that it be not his Case.

I remember the time when you fought for the King,  
And the Cause was good, though you did not prevail.  
O let not the Boyes in the Streets now sing,  
He was once for the *Head*, but now for the *Tail*.

Then *George* for *England* strike up thy Drum,  
And do thy devoir this Rump to destroy,  
That Noble King *Charles* the second may come,  
And our Streets may eccho with *Vive le Roy*.

And if *He* shall come by thy Valour and Might,  
In that brave Exploit thou'lt have more to brag on,  
Than ere had Saint *George* that valiant Knight,  
Who rescued the Maid by killing the Dragon.

Then lay by the thought of a *Parliament free*,  
But first bring the King in if you be wile,  
For without King and Lords there none can be;  
Twill be but a Rump of a bigger file.

You know how to do it, and needs not much schooling,  
All that you need to say, is let it be don,  
Then why should you stand delaying and fooling,  
You fought for the Father, why not for the Son?

If you do not do it much honour you'll lose,  
Which he and we mean you, for this we do know,  
That in sight of the Rump and all other his foes,  
He will be brought in whether you will or no.